The Crust

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS

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Danforth strolled down the beach looking for a certain white umbrella, which he felt sure he would recognize among a thousand similar ones. Far down on the sand dunes, well away from the crowd which thronged the sand, he espied it. He could tell it by the certain rakish angle with which it was always stuck in the sand as well as by the distinctive downward droop of its time worn ribs. Beneath the umbrella he would find her. Danforth quickened his steps and made for the sand dunes.

As he came nearer he saw the girl in a steamer chair beneath the shelter of the umbrella. She was reclining motionless, her eyes closed. He stole cautiously up and seated himself beside the chair. Still the girl did not move, and from her regular breathing it was apparent she had fallen asleep.

Danforth fished in his pockets and found some cigars and a little volume of Keats. He touched a match to one of the former and opened the latter. For a time he read and smoked contentedly while the girl in the chair slept on.

At length he lay the book face down on the sand and looked at the girl with a whimsical smile curving his lips. He blew several puffs of white smoke and watched them drift lazily away.

"It is a great chance," he mused softly, "a great chance. Lord knows I'd never have the courage to talk to you as frankly as I intend to do if you were awake, but now I'm going to have a nice long talk with you. Indeed, I shall tell you many things that have been on my mind for some time."

He listened intently to assure himself that the girl's regular breathing was unchanged before he went on:

"We've been the best of friends for the past few years, haven't we? It has been a jolly, confidential friendship, never marred by any 'foolishness,' as you choose to call it. Well, that's one side of it—your side. It hasn't been marred by any spoken 'foolishness' on my part, but there's been an awful



"I WISH YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN."

thinking going on all the same. Good Lord, Amy, you haven't an idea what some things have cost me. I've loved you—do you understand?—loved you from the very first, and yet not one word, not one hint of it, I flatter myself, has ever passed my lips."

He paused and smoked furiously for a time.

"Blast poverty!" he burst out, a trifle more vehemently than he intended.

There was a slight movement in the steamer chair. He looked in that direction anxiously, but the girl was breathing deeply, regularly. He caught up the volume beside him.

"Here it is—the sum and substance of it all—admirably expressed by Brother Keats."

He turned the pages rapidly to "Endymion" and read, his voice guardedly modified:

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust
Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust.

"That was what I feared," he mused. "'Cinders, ashes, dust!' I couldn't drag it down to that, and so—and so I've fostered this beautiful, this idyllic, friendship of ours."

He laid the volume down again.

"Blast poverty!" he growled. "I could only offer you love of the crust variety."

He looked out over the sparkling water. Here and there a sail showed white against the blue of the sky. He watched a solitary gray gull settle slowly in great, indolent circles.

"I wish you could have known," said he, "although, of course, it would have been absurd to tell you. Still, I wish you could have known. Somehow I like this talking frankly to you even if you are asleep. I can tell you now, as I couldn't if you were awake, that I do love you. 'Cinders, ashes, dust!' Dear, dear! It would never do. You'd come to think me little and commonplace. Life for you would be a dull, grinding routine. But I feel better to have told you, even in this way."

He opened the volume and began to read silently. The sun crept down toward the west. A breeze sprang up from the water and set the white umbrella swaying.

Presently the girl stirred uneasily and sat up. She blinked sleepily, and her eyes fell on the man.

"Hello, Tom!" she said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just came," he lied regally.

"Was I asleep?" she asked. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"You looked too comfortable," said he. "I hadn't the heart."

She caught sight of the volume.

"Keats!" she exclaimed. "Won't you read to me? 'Endymion,' part two, if you please."

He eyed her sharply. Her face was very grave.

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust
Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust,"

he read.

There was something suspiciously like a chuckle from the depth of the steamer chair. He closed the book and turned to her quickly.

"Blast poverty!" she said, imitating his tones.

He sprang up and regarded her narrowly.

"You weren't asleep?" he asked incredulously.

"If I was I heard much in a dream," she said.

"Lord!" he groaned. Then he smiled. "Anyway I'm glad you heard," he said defiantly.

"So am I," she declared very seriously.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

She turned her eyes to the sea.

"I am going to risk the crust," she said.

His Client Went Free.

When a young man General Butler was debarred from practice for two years. His first case after that was to be tried before the superior court at Salem. The case was one of theft, and his client was held a prisoner, appearing in the courtroom under guard. Butler knew the man to be guilty and made a request that he have a few moments' private conversation with his client. The court extended the courtesy, and both retired to a private room downstairs. When the door was carefully closed Butler said, "See here, Mr. A., how much money have you with you?" Upon being told he said, "Well, you give me one-half of that now." The man counted out and handed him the money. Then Butler went to a window, opened it wide, turned his back to his client and walked leisurely out of the room, going back to the courtroom. The court asked Butler where his client was. He looked about the room as if expecting him to be in his place and replied: "Your honor, I do not know where my client is. It is the custom for the guard to follow his prisoner."

Using Endearing Terms.

Did you ever notice—but of course you did—what a difference there is in men in the matter of using endearing terms? It is just as natural for some men to say "Yes, dear," or "No, sweetheart," as it is for somebody's pet terrier to chase the family cat up a tree. Of course, it doesn't always mean anything in particular. That is to say, if a man calls a girl "dear" or "little one" after he has been "paying her distinct attention" for awhile, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to propose. If certain women would get that through their heads there would be fewer broken hearts. Actions, not words, gauge sincerity, and a man may string the conversation full of pet names and not have any deeper affection than the man who doesn't call his wife "dear." It is only a habit, but it is such a pretty one and it is so easy a way of making a woman happy that it is really too bad more men do not cultivate it.—Woman Correspondent in Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Memory.

Napoleon had a wonderful memory. When emperor he once surprised his council with his intimate knowledge of Roman law and was asked how he had obtained it. He stated that when a lieutenant he had once been placed under arrest and was in prison for two weeks. During that time the only book at his command was a treatise on Roman law. He sat down and in two weeks mastered the volume so completely that twenty years later he could repeat long passages from its pages. He never forgot a face or a name and would often greet private soldiers by their names, sometimes alluding to the march or the battle where he had seen them before. He kept in his head all the details of his military movements, and it was said of him that during the march to Italy and Marengo he knew where every pound of the supplies for the use of the army was located. It is said that he remembered the name of every officer to whom he ever issued a commission.

Steady Work, but a Good Home.

A bank president was engaging a private secretary. He said to the young man who seemed to fill the bill: "I would expect you to spend Saturday afternoons and Sundays at my country home, so as to aid me in any correspondence that might come up. Could you do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you ever let pleasure interfere with business? How are you on golf?"

"I have played a little, but not so much as"—

"See here. I want a straight answer. Are you a golfer or not?"

"I have won some cups, and my handicaps have been heavy, but as to interfering with business"—

"That will do," said the banker. "That's what I want you out there for. I want some man who can put up a good fight and keep me humping on Saturday and Sunday. Come around on Monday and begin work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In New England Orchards.

One method of renovating an old orchard which F. W. Rane of New Hampshire reports as successfully used at the state experiment station consists in breaking up the soil in spring and after thoroughly preparing it planting to dwarf peas or bush beans. By this method the ground is frequently cultivated, the pods pay for the labor, and the crop is turned under early enough so that a cover crop can be planted.

It is believed that the Hitchings method of mulching the orchard by mowing and letting the crop remain on the ground may possess some advantages for New England. One instance is cited in which an orchard of about 10,000 trees is thus cultivated.

The Similarity.

They were discussing the vagaries of a prodigal son, who had returned after a more than usual wild outbreak.

"You must, at any rate, admit he has many good points," urged the loving mother as usual.

"So has a porcupine," said the obdurate uncle.

HER ROSE JAR

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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Neither one spoke, although Temple lifted his cap mechanically and waited, not knowing what she would do.

She did the most sensible, natural thing under the circumstances and the most characteristic as well. She simply laughed up at him and put out one slim, bare hand in friendly fashion.

"Isn't it a glorious morning? It is my first Easter at sea. I came out early on purpose for the sunrise. Let's take the other side of the boat."

"You get the wind there." Temple hesitated.

"I like the wind," she said happily. "Every one keeps to the cozy, sheltered side of things. If you hunt the windy side you hunt alone."

He followed her in silence. It was over two years since he had seen her. There was a half acknowledged little twinge of annoyance in him now. Vaguely he had never expected to see her again. He tried to remember just



"WE'VE RUN AWAY, YOU KNOW."

how far the engagement had gone—three weeks, about. He had not even finished college. He had been an idiot of a kid ready to fall in love and out again six times a week and twice on Sundays.

And Geraldine Moore had been his first serious affair, the first girl he had met whom he thought he could not live without. She had been a delicious sort of girl, a willful, madcap, tantalizing girl, with an undercurrent of dreamy southern mysticism in her gentler moods that seemed to give promise of a splendid womanhood.

She had broken the engagement herself. He had believed she broke his heart as well. And then at college the news had come to him of her marriage with Kingsley Haines. It had brought him out of boyish cynicism with a jerk. After the first cold water shock he had felt inclined to congratulate himself more than Kingsley. He caught rumors of their honeymoon pace now and then. It was not a steady one. After three months in Europe Kingsley had come back home, and Mrs. Haines had remained in Paris with her mother. At this point rumor stopped and let imagination fill in the gap.

Temple's imagination was an active one, and he felt cordially sorry for Haines when news came that he had broken his neck in an ugly fall out on Long Island in a cross country run.

That had been a year ago. So much had developed in Temple's life since then that he did not realize how completely he had forgotten Mrs. Haines until he met her face to face Easter morning 200 miles from Southampton on an ocean liner.

She stopped suddenly in front of two deserted chairs.

"We can sit here a moment. Have you had breakfast? No? Neither have I. Doesn't the sea look like a Mexican opal? There's a sunrise in every wave. Talk to me. Was it two years ago or 2,000?"

She was laughing. Temple joined in it with an effort. He was devoutly wishing it had been 2,000 years ago. She watched his face with keen, merry eyes.

"It isn't pleasant to remember, is it, Archie? Isn't it queer, no man likes to remember old love affairs. He always buries them decently and resents any impromptu resurrections."

"And a woman?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked out at the opal tinted sea.

"To a woman old loves are only rose leaves faded. She generally loves the fragrance of her rose jar."

Temple squared his shoulders slightly.

"But she hunts the fresh roses for everyday use every time," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Haines' eyebrows lifted, but she was not displeased.

"Do you bear malice so late in the day? You must not. If it hurt you, Archie," she hesitated an instant, and went on softly, "be assured you had full, unconscious revenge. If I made a mistake, I have paid a penalty even your malice would not have exacted."

Temple was silent. He wished she would not take that tone with him. It was not right. Kingsley had been his friend.

"Is there any one else you know on board?" he asked presently.

"None so far, only Margaret Sloane. I saw her last night for a moment. How she has developed! Last time I saw her she was riding a crazy polo pony on a dead gallop with her brothers out at Lakewood. She wasn't sixteen then. She's a perfect sensation now. That tint of red hair in a child is simply superb in a woman. Do you know her?"

"Know Margaret?" Temple checked himself. "Oh, yes, I know her."

"I wonder who she is with. Wasn't she engaged or something? I heard a pretty story of some little romance she had just before her coming out. A girl should not entangle herself before she is a debutante. It takes the first blush of the rosebud, don't you know."

"Yes, I suppose it does," said Temple carelessly. "None before, but all she can get after. That's the unwritten law in those things, isn't it?"

"Don't be snappy. It shows age and disappointment. A man is never a cynic until he has tasted sour grapes, and you are not old, Archie—twenty-five. You see I know, because there is only a year between us."

"There are two." Temple smiled at her and rose from his chair. He had caught a glimpse of a figure in brown coming toward them. "Two thousand."

"Good morning, everybody," called Margaret. "Why don't you wait for me, Arch? Isn't he a terrible boy, Mrs. Haines?"

Temple put his arm around her and laughed as the wind blew wisps of curly hair across his lips.

"I haven't told the secret yet, Peggie," he said. "We may as well start in with Mrs. Haines. It will all come out by the time we land in New York."

"Of course it will, and who's afraid?" She smiled down at Mrs. Haines joyously. "We've run away, you know. It's a whole month now. We were married in New York and caught the first boat over, and we've had the greatest time honeymooning and not answering cables or letters or anything. I didn't want to be a debutante and fuss around everywhere for a year or so, and Archie and I had been engaged nearly a year, so we just settled things ourselves and ran away. You used to know Arch, didn't you?"

Mrs. Haines kissed the bride very gently and graciously. She did not look at Temple.

"A long time ago, dear. He is a splendid boy, and I know you will be happy, both of you. I wish I could give you lilies this morning. Easter and lilies and young love always seem to go together. But I have only the faded leaves of a rose jar 2,000 years old." She hesitated.

Temple was looking out at the waves of rose and pearl, his face pressed tenderly to the red brown curls. They had forgotten her, and after a moment she went quietly away from them, back to the sheltered side of the boat where the rest of the world took its morning stroll.

Unwonted Luxury.

When the old house which had belonged to Squire Potter in the days of his youth was bought by Sam White of Potterville and made over into a hotel the proprietor was determined that all his guests should appreciate their good fortune.

One day he showed a dry goods runner who stopped over three trains in Potterville the best room in the house.

"You can have this room for tonight, seeing the house isn't full," he said somewhat grudgingly and stood in the doorway waiting for a word of praise.

None came, and when the young man carelessly threw his coat over one chair and placed his hat on the table and let his umbrella rattle down to the floor Mr. White felt the time for a word of remonstrance had come.

"See here," he said, with dignity, "there's a cluzet where you can put those things out o' sight. I guess you aren't much used to dadoed rooms nor yet rooms with landscape paper on 'em, young man."

A Perfect Understanding.

"Yes, I remember that little bill I owe you—remember it perfectly well, and in fact thought of it just as soon as I arrived in town," said a man in reply to some one who had dunned him. "Let me see. Where will you be at 4 o'clock this afternoon—at 4 sharp?"

"At the hotel."

"All right. Be at the hotel at 4 sharp."

"Collins," said an acquaintance, "you are a very plausible fellow. You know that you do not intend to pay that man."

"Well, no; that's a fact."

"Then why did you want to know where he would be at 4 o'clock?"

"So that I could time myself accordingly. If I know where he is at 4 o'clock I will be somewhere else at that time. In this life, my dear boy, to have a perfect understanding is to avoid many embarrassing situations."—London Telegraph.

Great Armies and Battles.

Modern conflicts appear like slight skirmishes when compared with the battles which at different times in past ages have laid Asia in blood. Sultan Mohammed marched against Genghis Khan at the head of 400,000 fighting men, and on the immense plains outside the city of Otrar met the Tartar army, consisting of 700,000 men commanded by Genghis himself, assisted by his four sons. The Mohammedans were defeated and Otrar was taken. In eighteen years Genghis Khan subdued half of China, and Hindustan, Persia and Russia, and even carried his victorious arms into the heart of Korea. Genghis Khan issued a new law, the execution of which compelled all his soldiers to be heroes. He ordered the penalty of death for those who, when called to the assistance of their fellow soldiers in time of battle, should take to flight instead of going to the rescue.

Took Them For Lunatics.

A well known aeronaut, in company with others, made an unexpected descent in the ground of a lunatic asylum. The porter knew nothing of their novel arrival and refused to allow them to drive away. He didn't exactly tell them they were lunatics, but tactfully implied as much. He pointed out that as he had not passed them in as visitors they were not entitled to go out as visitors. "But," said the aeronaut, "we came by balloon." "Ah," said the porter, eying them with amused compassion, "I thought so." And it was some time before he could be persuaded that a story he had heard so often before was for once quite true.—London Globe.

A Heart to Heart Confession.

"It seems," he said, "to give her the greatest happiness just to sit and listen to her talented husband talk."

"Yes," she replied; "the silly little thing! Sometimes it seems to me that when a woman is foolish she can be about seven times more foolish than any other creature on earth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All the Year Round.

"I think you should be ashamed," said the lady reformer to the lady Igorrote, "to appear in such a lack of costume."

"Yes'm?" answered the lady Igorrote, who had picked up considerable English as well as much information. "But in the winter you wear a decollete dress, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And in summer a bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have hit upon a happy combination of the two."—Chicago Tribune.

Fruitful Normandy.

A traveler in France writes: "Normandy is sweet, clean, green and prosperous. Its iris crowned thatches are the most beautiful, its posy gardens the most sedulously nurtured and its farmyards the most enchanting in all France. Its cows are sleek and good milkers, its horses world famous and its blond women—even those seasoned by field labor—always sphinxlike and often fair. It is attractive, sensuously speaking, at every season, and the Normans, with all their droll fears for their pocketbooks, are not bad company in the long run."

His Paying Powers.

Old Gotrox—I don't think much of that young Dudeleigh who poses as a parlor ornament around here occasionally. Pretty Daughter—Why, pa, he pays me the loveliest compliments. Old Gotrox—Yes, and that's all he was ever known to pay, so far as I can learn.

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New Scotch Mixed Cloths,
excellent for rough and ready wear, for Suit or Skirt; colors, champagne, brown, light and dark grey, and black and white mixture, 38-inch wide, 50c yard.

New Shepherd Plaids,
in neat checks in blue and white and black and white, fine soft finish, for Shirt Waist or Shirt Waist Suits, 42 inches wide, 50c yard.

New Voils,
one of the very best materiale for spring, light in weight, but strong in texture; colors black, white, navy, royal, champagne and brown, 42-inches wide, 50c yard.

New Etamines,
in self dots, beautiful lustrous finish, light in weight, lends itself well to the new style gowns; colors, champagne, blue, black, white and brown, 38-inches wide, 50c yard.

New London Twines.
A good medium weight material for Spring Gowns, fine quality and finish; colors, black, 46-inches wide, $1 yard; better grade in tan or black, 46 inches wide, $1.25 yard.

New Bouche Voiles.
A light weight fabric, something new and very stylish, beautiful finish and texture; colors, black, champagne, grey and navy blue, 42-inches wide; price, $1 yard.

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Mohairs are one of the year-in and year out popular fabrics, and we have to keep our stock full and up-to-date constantly. We've a first rate assortment of qualities, weaves and weights now. Some so light and bright that they look like silk. Here is the price range.

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of a very fine grade and finish in Navy, Champagne, Cadet, Gray, Tan, Royal, Black, White, Green and Silver Gray, 38-inches wide, 50c yard.

Navy Blue and Black Mohair Sicilians.
Good Weight and Beautiful Lustrous Finish, exceptional value, 50-inches wide, 75c yard.

New Dotted and Striped Mohairs
for Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits, black ground with white dots, blue ground with white dots and green dots; black or blue ground with white stripes, blue ground with self stripes, 38 and 42-inches, 50c yard.

Black Mohair;
beautiful lustrous silk finish, in fac as pretty as silk very often used for Jackets instead of silk, 38-inches wide, 75c a yard, 44-inches wide, $1.00 yard.

Black Mohair Sicilians.
Unusual values, fine weight and finish, extra wide, can't be duplicated, 50-inches wide, 69c and 75c yard.

White Mohairs.
Just the thing for Shirt Waists, and Shirt Waist Suits, for the coming spring and summer, in self dots, stripes and figures, 38-inches wide, 50c and 75c yard.

Silks for Summer.
The Silks mentioned below are all new, all good and all beautiful. But they represent only a small part of the different kinds our Silk Department has to show you. To merely mention the kinds, to say nothing of the varieties c each kind, would make a pretty long list. So we simply say, come, see and compare.

New Silk Foulards
in neat dot and figures in Champagne; Navy, Brown, Grey, Black and Royal, 24-inches wide; 50c yard.

New Satin Foulards.
Beautiful soft finish that will not crush, in dots and figures; colors Champagne Navy, Brown and Royal; 24-inches wide; 75c yard.

New White Jap Silk.
Fine soft finish, washable for Shirt Waists and Shirt Waists Suits; 24 and 27-inches wide; 37½c, 50c, 75c yard.

New Taffeta Silk
in neat check for Shirt Waist Suits and Waists, in Black and White and Blue and White; also all desirable shades n plain colors; 19-inches wide, at 75c yard.

New India Silks
for Shirt Waists. Fine finish, full 27-inches wide, in all the popular shades, at 50c yard. Black Habutai Silks water and perspiration proof; 27 and 36-inches wide; 75c and $1.00 yard. New guaranteed Taffeta Silk in Black, full 36-inches wide; $1.25 yard. New guaranteed Peau de Soie Silk in Black, full 36-inches wide; $1.39 and $1.50 yard.

New Spring Jackets.
Jackets of Tan Covert Cloth, with and without collar; plain and strapped seams. Price, $5.00, $6.50, $7.50 and $10. Jackets of Black Cheviot and Broadcloth, notched collars, plain and strapped seams; lined and unlined. Price, $5.00, $6.00, $7.50 and $10.

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Gaspard is a son of Sea King, bred at the celebrated Woodburn Sock Farm, in Kentucky. Gaspard's sire was by Lord Russell, brother to Maud S., 2.08¾.

The dam of Gaspard was Gold Pen, standard and registered, by Mambrino Abdallah (great brood mare sire.)

2nd dam was by Harold, sire of Maud S., and sixty others in the 2.30 list.

3rd dam by Mambrino Patchen, sire of the dams of 120 in the 2.30 list.

Only first-class mares are solicited. Terms will be fifteen dollars for insurance—the money to be paid when the mare is known to be be with foal. Anyone parting with mare before she is known to be with foal will be considered tesponsible for the service fee of fifteen dollars. Gaspard will be at Walkersville and at Smith's Hotel, Woodsboro, every other week; then at the owner's stable, near Frederick, Md. Apply to Michael Knill, Frederick, Md.

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Currito was sired by Idol Gift, 2.24, he by Aker's Idol, he by Mambrino Chief.

Currito's dam was Star Maid (dam of Clayton, 2.19), by Jupiter Abdallah.

2nd dam Lady Mason, by American Star.

3rd dam by Hunt's Commodore.

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